THE OPERATOR

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solidity of Karajan's judgment is attested by the fact that Pitz, despite Karajan's own artistic differences with the Wagner brothers and his subsequent departure from Bayreuth, has trained the famous chorus there every summer since then.

When Karajan says, "One sin I have never been guilty of is that of jealousy," the record backs him up. For him, musical excellence, however achieved, is everything. At certain stages of his career Karajan has achieved it by devious and regrettable routes. For a public accustomed to turning its musical heroes into homely, lovable characters, he is a somewhat frustrating anomaly. Even stiff-necked old Furtwängler had pleasantly human failings; all Europe used to chuckle about his notorious roving eye. And it is safe to say that Clemens Krauss would have stood less high in Viennese affections but for the indestructible rumor that his true father had been an errant Habsburg. In Karajan's case, such humanizing anecdotage simply does not exist. He remains aloof, a highly polished precision instrument, a true twentieth-century product. One can excusably wonder to what extent warmth and nobility of musical performance do, after all, reflect inner warmth and nobility of character.

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embedded in the opposite wall. But every imaginative object accepts the attack with composure. The animate audience in the control room was staggered.

The pompomuly accompanying Horowitz's two pieces of toast after recording sessions turned to the future when every detail of the present action had been reviewed, questioned, restated, altered, reinvented, and generally inspected for any slight flaw in content or procedure. The future was filled with enthusiasm, foremost of which was the remake of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which he first recorded in 1946. Then there were the Tchaikovsky operas Eugen Onegin, Pique Dame, and Mataja which were consuming his "between-time" studies, and the scores found stacked on the piano in his library pointed to numerous avenues of interest. But conversation often stuck to the art of Scriabin and the controversial position it holds. Seemingly endless discussion revolved around the similarity between early Scriabin and Chopin; and Horowitz, always eager to demonstrate, would transpose both composers' works to the same key and phrase them together.